

Cameos of Literature

Nº 2

THE HARP
OF YOUTH

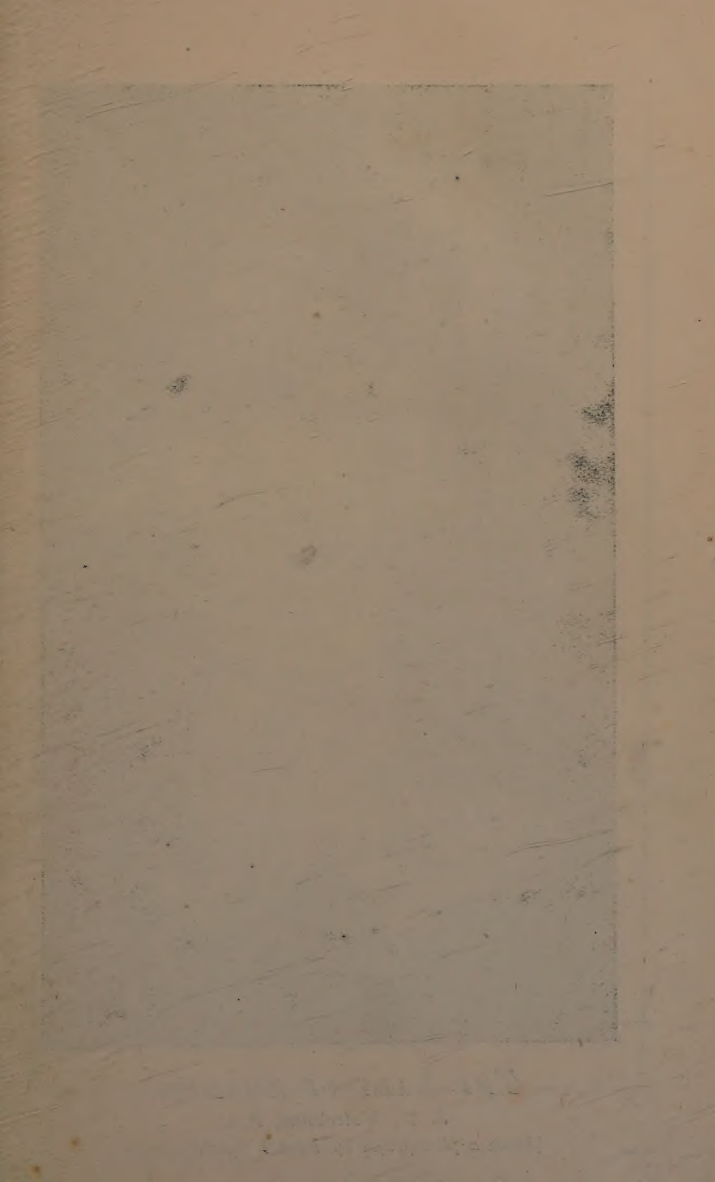


THOMAS

Thomas Nelson & Sons









THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.

(From a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Cameos of Literature—Volume II

THE
HARP OF YOUTH

A BOOK OF POETRY FOR
SCHOOL AND HOME

EDITED BY

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PREFACE

THE chief reason why this book has been compiled is that most school poetry-books are better adapted for the teacher than for the pupil. They contain too many poems which young readers cannot, with their mental equipment and limited experience of life, be expected to understand and appreciate. The collections which are best for adults are the worst in many senses for school boys and girls. Any one who doubts this should visit the classroom of a secondary school, where the love-poems, of which 'the best anthology in the language' is mainly composed, are being taken with a middle form.

In this book, much of the highest poetry is deliberately rejected in favour of 'hackneyed' poems. A poem thus described may generally be regarded as one which boys and girls ought to know.

Long poems, as, for example, Browning's *Pied Piper*, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Milton's *Nativity Ode*, and Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, are omitted for several reasons. One or two, like Gray's *Elegy*, though they have been included in school anthologies for many years, can only be appreciated properly by those who have lived long and meditated much on the vicissitudes of life. Others, which are suitable for school reading, have been left out because they ought to be read in their entirety, and, if printed in this book, they would swell its bulk excessively.

Archaic poems have not been inserted because they repel young readers, and experience proves that the benefit derived from them is not commensurate with the trouble they entail on the teacher. For the same reason only two poems in dialect are given.

Some theorists maintain that all the moral instruction of a school should arise from the lessons in literature. This is an extreme view. It is, however, generally agreed that more regard should be paid to the ethical than to the æsthetical purpose in the earlier stages of the teaching of literature, and the selection has been made in accordance with this principle.

Two special features of the book are the inclusion of (i) poems of special interest to the lesser nationalities of the United Kingdom, and (ii) poems by living authors. The best thanks of the editor and publishers are accorded to the following for permission to use copyright poems: Mr. Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, for 'Is Life Worth Living?'; Sir Everard H. Doyle, Bart., for 'The Loss of the *Birkenhead*'; Messrs. Nutt and Co. for Henley's 'England'; Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen for 'The White Man's Burden,' from *The Five Nations*; Mr. Henry Newbolt for 'Admirals All' and 'Vitaï Lampada,' from *The Island Race*, published by Mr. Elkin Mathews; Mr. Alfred Noyes for 'A Song,' from *Drake: an Epic*, published by Messrs. Blackwood; Canon Rawnsley for 'Well Done, *Calliope*!'; Sir Lewis Morris for 'Llywelyn ap Griffith'; and Mr. John Lane for Mr. William Watson's 'England, My Mother,' and 'The Things that are More Excellent.'

W. JENKYN THOMAS.

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BOADICEA.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

I. WISDOM

HAPPY is the man that findeth Wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding :
For the merchandise of it is better than the mer-
chandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies :
And all the things thou canst desire
Are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand ;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Proverbs

2. A SONG OF PRAISE

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation

This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

Psalm xxiv.

3. LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies :

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions :

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing :

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations :

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be, which have no memorial ; who are perished, as though they had never been ; and are become as though they had never been born ; and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their name liveth for evermore.

Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1-15.

4. *THE WAR-HORSE*

HAST thou given the horse strength?
 Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
 Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
 The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
 He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength
 He goeth on to meet the armed men.
 He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
 Neither turneth he back from the sword.
 The quiver rattleth against him,
 The glittering spear and the shield.
 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage:
 Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the
 trumpet.
 He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha!
 And he smelleth the battle afar off,
 The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Job xxxix. 19-25

5. *MY COUNTRY*

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.
 O England, model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart!



BUCEPHALUS

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

6. *MERCY*

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

✧ PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strained,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest,—
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. ✧ Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

From SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.

7. *THE STAGE OF LIFE*

JAQUES. ALL the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining School-boy, with his
satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
 • voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

From SHAKESPEARE'S As You Like It.

8. A PARTING SONG¹

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages :
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and lasses must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat :
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow thee, and come to dust.

¹ Sung by the youthful shepherds Guiderius and Arviragus over the supposed dead body of Imogen, daughter of Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash :
Thou hast finished joy and moan ;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave.

From SHAKESPEARE'S Cymbeline

9. BEFORE AGINCOURT

WESTMORELAND. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

KING HENRY. What's he that wishes so !
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss : and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart : his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian' ;
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day.'
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day ; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here,

And hold their manhood cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

From SHAKESPEARE'S Henry V.

10. *MARC ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER THE
BODY OF CÆSAR*

ANT. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

.
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar :
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—



MARC ANTONY'S ORATION.—J. D. COURT.

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty
 heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but
 behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable ;—
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
 mouths ;

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*From SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*.*

11. *THE FIRST NOWELL*

THE first Nowell the Angel did say,
Was to three poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

Nowell, Nowell-

And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far.
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Nowell, Nowell-

The star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, Nowell

Then did they know assuredly
Within that house the King did lie;
One entered in then for to see,
And found the Babe in poverty.

Nowell, Nowell-

Then entered in those Wise Men three
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Nowell, Nowell -

Between an ox stall and an ass,
This Child truly there born He was ;
For want of clothing they did Him lay
In the manger, among the hay.

Nowell, Nowell—

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought.
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Nowell, Nowell—

If we in our time shall do well,
We shall be free from Death and Hell,
For God hath prepared for us all
A resting-place in general.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

Old Carol.

12. *GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLE
MEN*

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day :

THE HARP OF YOUTH

To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn ;
The which His mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessèd angel came ;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same ;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind :



THE NATIVITY.—Murillo.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay ;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy.

Old English Carol

13. WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones :
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach 'In greatness is no trust.'

Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the First Man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died !'
Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings :
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

14. *THE COUNTRY LIFE*

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own !
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
Thou walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds :
For well thou know'st 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,

THE HARP OF YOUTH

In thy corn-fields thou find'st thy team
With a hind whistling there to them.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox ;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays ;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet ;
Tripping the comely country round
With daffodils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintels here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands graced,
Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail :
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tossed up after fox i' th' hole ;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these, thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' the treacherous snow :
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net :

Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made ;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood !
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these,
When lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

ROBERT HERRICK.

15. *L'ALLEGRO*

COME thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

THE HARP OF YOUTH

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unprovèd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures,



L'ALLEGRO.

(From the painting by C. W. Cope, R.A.)

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ,
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade :
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,

She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep ;
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream,
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running.
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live:

JOHN MILTON.

16. *CHURCH MUSIC*

BUT let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy-proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light :
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

JOHN MILTON.

17. *ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
PIEDMONT*

AVENGE, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not : in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant : that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

18. *ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE
OF TWENTY-THREE*

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indueth.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
 Heaven.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

JOHN MILTON.

19. *TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war : new foes arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

20. *SATAN'S FALL*

HE trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed ; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
At one great furnace flamed ; yet from those
flames

No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end

Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 Such place Eternal Justice hath prepared
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

From MILTON'S Paradise Lost.

21. SATAN'S DEFIANCE OF GOD

‘WHAT though the field be lost?
 All is not lost : the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield :
 And what is else not to be overcome :—
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall ; since, by fate, the strength of
 gods,
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail :
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced.
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy



MICHAEL SUBDUING SATAN.

Guilio Reni.

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.'
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.

So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend
lay,

Chained on the burning lake ; nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance poured.

From MILTON'S Paradise Lost

22. *MUSIC*

I

WHAT passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not
dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

II

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

III

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

IV

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion.
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

V

But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VI

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre :
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above ;



ST. CECILIA.

Domenichino.

So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.

23. *THE COMBAT BETWEEN HECTOR
AND AJAX*

Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on,
Sheathed in bright steel the giant warrior shone ;
He moves to combat with majestic pace :
So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus marched the chief, tremendous as a god :
Grimly he smiled : earth trembled as he strode :
His massy javelin quivering in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new transport ran ;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man :
Even Hector paused, and with new doubt oppressed.
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast.
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ;
Himself had challenged, and his foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlooked the field :
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides : of solid brass the last,

(The work of Tychius, who in Hylé dwell'd,
And in all arts of armoury excell'd).
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And, threatening, thus his adverse chief address'd.
'Hector, approach thy arm and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian
foe.

Achilles shuns the fight ; yet some there are,
Not void in soul, not unskilled in war :
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might :
No more—be sudden and begin thy fight.'

'O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)
Me, as a boy or woman wouldst thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight ?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms ;
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war ;
To right, to left, the dexterous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight and bold each blow ;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.'
He said, and rising high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,

Till in the seventh it fixed. Then Ajax threw ;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corselet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan sinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bored shields the chiefs their javelins drew
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew ;
Fierce as the mountain lions, bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood,
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends ;
The blunted point against the buckler bends.
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear.
It reached his neck, with matchless strength impell'd,
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceased not Hector thus ; but stooping down,
In his strong hand upheaved a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends :
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends ;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock :
Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,
Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous, let the ruin fly ;
The huge stone thundering through his buckler broke :
His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke.
Great Hector falls, extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield,
Nor wanted heavenly aid : Apollo's might
Confirmed his sinews, and restored to fight.
And now both heroes their broad falchions drew :
In flaming circles round their heads they flew :

But then by herald's voice the word was given,
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven :
Divine Talthylus, whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd ;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard.
'Forbear, my sons ! your further force to prove ;
Both dear to man, and both beloved of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful shade ;
The goddess parts you ; be the night obeyed.'
To whom great Ajax his high soul expressed :
'O, sage, to Hector be these words addressed.
Let him, who first provoked our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night.
If first he asked it, I content obey,
And cease the strife, when Hector shows the
way.'

'O first of Greeks (his noble foe rejoined),
Whom heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body and with worth of mind !
Now martial law commands us to forbear,
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war ;
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the gods decide of death or life ;
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And heaven enjoins it, be the night obeyed.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends :
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies heaven with vows for Hector's life.

And let us on this memorable day
Exchange some gift ; that Greece and Troy may
say,

‘Not hate but glory made these chiefs contend,
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.’
With that a sword with stars of silver graced,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchased,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow’d
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow’d :
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain ;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

From POPE’S translation of Homer’s ‘Iliad.’

24. *RULE BRITANNIA!*

WHEN Britain first at Heaven’s command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
*Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !*

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shalt tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !

JAMES THOMSON.

25. THE BARD

I. I.

' RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait !
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
 'To arms !' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
 quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air),
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 'Hark, how each giant oak and desert-cave
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
 O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they
 wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hywel's harp, or soft Llywelyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallon's tongue,
 That hush'd the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
 head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries !—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line !

II. I.

' Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him
wait !
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

‘Mighty victor, mighty Lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

‘Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,
And spare the meek usurper’s holy head !

Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom.

III. I.

'Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)'
'Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

III. 2.

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !
Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair and scept'red care,
To triumph and to die are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

26. *BOADICEA*

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods :

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief :

'Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

‘Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.’

Such the bard’s prophetic words
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush’d to battle, fought, and died :
Dying, hurl’d them at the foe.

‘Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due :
Empire is on us bestow’d,
Shame and ruin wait for you.’

W. COWPER.

27. *THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER*

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom’d furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.



THE SMILE.—T. Webster, R.A.

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew :
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill ;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
 sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

28. *ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
MAD DOG*

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
 It cannot hold you long.



THE FROWN.—T. Webster, R.A.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied ;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

29. *THE TIGER*

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

W. BLAKE.

30. *THE LAMB*

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead:
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright:
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child,
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.

 Little lamb, God bless thee!

 Little lamb, God bless thee!

W. BLAKE.

31. *TO SPRING*

O THOU with dewy locks who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other and the listening
Valleys hear ; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions : issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime !

Come o'er the eastern hills and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments ; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath ; scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers ; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom ; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

32. *MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

33. *BANNOCKBURN*

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!



“SCOTS WHA HAE.”

T. Stothard, R.A.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us Do, or Die !

ROBERT BURNS.

So may God ever defend the cause of Liberty as
 He did that day. *Amen.*

34. *FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT*

Is there for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that !
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that !
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine
 A man's a man for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that !

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that.

Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that !

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that !

ROBERT BURNS

35. *FIDELITY*

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks ;

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed,
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry ;
 Nor is there any one in sight
 All round, in hollow or in height ;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;
 What is this creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps till June December's snow ;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent ~~mountain~~ ^{mainland} tarn below !
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway or cultivated land,
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak
 In symphony ~~austere~~ ^{stern} ;
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast
 That, if it could, would hurry past,
 But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Not far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen—that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear ;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell ;
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry—
This dog had been through three months
 space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot.
Or by his master's side.

How nourished here through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

36. *'I WANDERED LONELY'*

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

37. *THE SOLITARY REAPER* *for*

✓ BEHOLD her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound. ✓

✓ No nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides. ✓

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?

Some natural sorrow, loss or pain
That has been and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listened, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

38. *THE HAPPY WARRIOR*

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought :
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain :
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;



THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

G. F. Watts, R.A.

(Photograph by Hollyer.)

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best,
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest.
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna if they come at all ;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover : and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ,
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
And if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoever he be,
Are at his heart : and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

39. *THOUGHTS OF A BRITON ON THE
 SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND*

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from the Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

40. *MY NATIVE LAND*

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

41. *PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;
'The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one ;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges ;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended :
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster :
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set ;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

42. *LOCHINVAR*

O young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone :
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all ;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?'

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bridemaids whispered, ' 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
'She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush, and scaur—
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran .

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

43. *KUBLA KHAN*

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree.
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty mountain momentarily was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE

44. *THE KNIGHT'S TOMB*

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

45. *A SONG OF THE SEA*

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

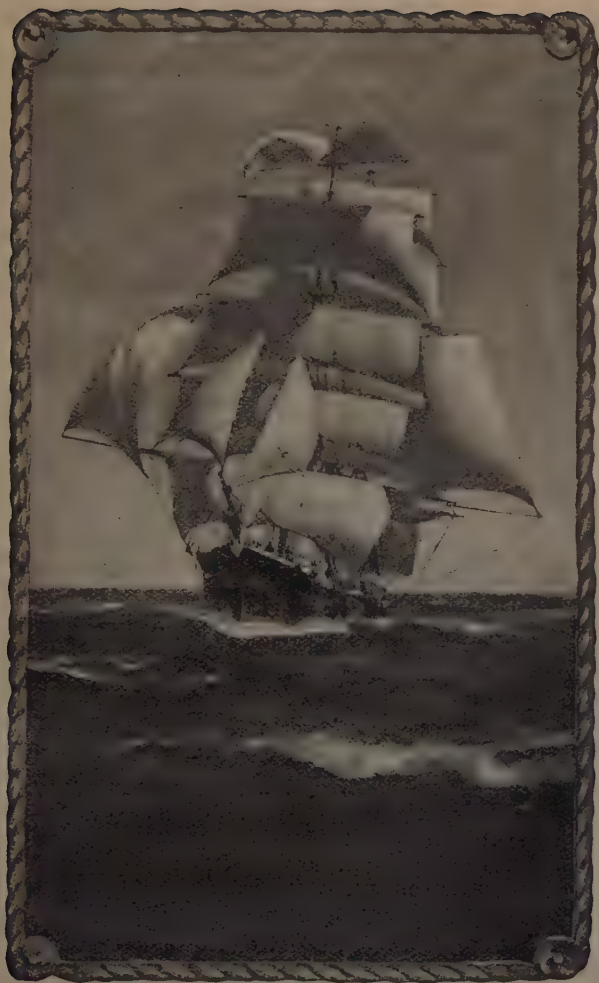
I love (oh ! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise
 rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to
 range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea !

B. W. PROCTER.



HOMEWARD BOUND.—J. Somerscales.

(By permission of L. F. Gjers, Esq.)

46. *THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM*

It was a summer evening ;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.'

' I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in the great victory.'

' Now, tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries,

And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
'Now tell us all about the war
And what they kill'd each other for.

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried
 'That put the French to rout ;
But what they kill'd each other for
 I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.'

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
 And new-born infant died ,
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.'

They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.'

THE HARP OF YOUTH

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'—

'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'
Said little Wilhelmine.

'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.'

'But what good came of it at last ?'
Quoth little Peterkin.

'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

ROBERT SOUTHEY

47. *BISHOP HATTO*

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter
there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near ;
The great Barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

‘I’ faith ’tis an excellent bonfire !’ quoth he,
‘And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn.’

So then to his palæe returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter’d the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look’d there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
‘My Lord, I open’d your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn.’

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be.
‘Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly,’ quoth he,
‘Ten thousand rats are coming this way. . . .
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !’

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise ;
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came

He listened and looked : it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for
that,

For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or
score ;

By thousands they come, and by myriads and
more.

Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of
yore

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the
 floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and
 before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

48. *THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC*

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captain cried ; when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again,—again,—again,
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then cease, and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the Victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :



NELSON LANDING IN COPENHAGEN.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blessed our Chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou !

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their
grave !

While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

49. *MEN OF ENGLAND*

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood :—

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the valour of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and law,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crowned and mitred tyranny:—
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

50. *YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND*

YE mariners of England
 Who guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow .
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the Star of Peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

51. *THE SOLDIER'S DREAM*

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we each other, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part ;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart

'Stay, stay with us ; rest, thou art weary and worn !'
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

52. *O THE SHAMROCK!*

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd ;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock !

Says Valour, ' See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning ! '
Says Love, ' No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning. '
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, ' Oh ! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever ! '

O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

 So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather !
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom !
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

THOMAS MOORE.

53. *THE GRANDEUR OF THE OCEAN*

I

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :

I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

II

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

III

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

IV

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

V

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

VI

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.

VII

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

LORD BYRON.

54. *DEGENERATE GREECE*

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now—
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd !

Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away !
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave—
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave,
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,



THALIA—The Muse of Pastoral Song.
(From the sculpture in the British Museum.)

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb—
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace :
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell.
Yes ! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.
What can he tell who treads thy shore ?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the Muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime ;

Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
 Mankind, where least above the brutes ;
 Without even savage virtue blest,
 Without one free or valiant breast.
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft ;
 In this the subtle Greek is found,
 For this, and this alone, renown'd.

LORD BYRON.

55. *WATERLOO*

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,
fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war :
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe ! They come!
they come !



THE EVENING OF WATERLOO.—Ernest Crofts, R.A.

(By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.)

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath, which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON.

56. *THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB*

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

57. *THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone—

But we left him alone with his glory !

CHARLES WOLFE.

58. *TO A SKYLARK*

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire :
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight :
Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill
 delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
 overflowed.

What thou art, we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;—

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
 not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it
from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy
wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphant chaunt
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That my brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From thy lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

59. *A THING OF BEAUTY*

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS.

60. *ROBIN HOOD*

No, those days are gone away,
 And their hours are old and grey,
 And their minutes buried all
 Under the down-trodden pall
 Of the leaves of many years !
 Many times have winter's shears,
 Frozen North and chilling East,
 Sounded tempests to the feast
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
 Since men knew nor rent nor leases

No, the bugle sounds no more,
 And the twanging bow no more ;



ROBIN HOOD IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Silent is the ivory shrill
 Past the heath and up the hill;
 There is no mid-forest laugh,
 Where lone Echo gives the half
 To some wight, amazed to hear
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
 You may go, with sun or moon,
 Or the seven stars to light you,
 Or the polar ray to right you;
 But you never may behold
 Little John, or Robin bold;
 Never one, of all the clan,
 Thrumming on an empty can
 Some old hunting ditty, while
 He doth his green way beguile
 To fair hostess Merriment,
 Down beside the pasture Trent;
 For he left the merry tale
 Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
 Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
 Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
 Idling in the 'grenè shawe';¹
 All are gone away and past!
 And if Robin should be cast
 Sudden from his turfèd grave.
 And if Marian should have

¹ The green-wood.

Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze :
He would swear ; for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is : yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bowstring !
Honour to the bugle-horn !
Honour to the woods unshorn !
Honour to the Lincoln green !
Honour to the archer keen !
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon !
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood !
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan !
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEATS.

61. *ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
'HOMER'*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS

62. *THE SONG OF THE SHIRT*

I

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch—stitch—stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the ' Song of the Shirt ! '

II

' Work—work—work !
 While the cock is crowing aloof !
 And work—work—work !
 Till the stars shine through the roof !
 It's oh ! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

III

' Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work—work—work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

IV

' O men, with sisters dear !
O men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing, at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

V

' But why do I talk of Death ?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape.
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

VI

'Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? a bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked floor.
A table, a broken chair ;
A wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

VII

'Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work !
As prisoners work for crime.
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain
 benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

VIII

'Work—work—work !
In the dull December light !
And work—work—work ;
When the weather is warm and bright ;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

IX

· O, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet !
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet !
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

X

O, but for one short hour !
A respite, however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread !'

XI

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich !
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt !'

THOMAS HOOD.

63. *THE PILGRIM FATHERS*

THE breaking waves dash'd high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd ;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;—
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd :—
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?
No — 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground,
Which first their brave feet trod !
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God !

FELICIA HEMANS

64. *JOAN OF ARC AT RHEIMS*

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral ; while around
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within ? Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing

In martial vassalage ! While 'midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn

Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar stone,
With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleam-
ing,

Silent and radiant stood ? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn ! Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness ; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form !
Was that the leader through the battle storm ?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high ?
'Twas so, even so !—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joan, the lovely dreamer of the wild !
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee !



JOAN OF ARC IN PRISON.—G. F. Joy.

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,

And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,

Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,

Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:

Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,

The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer

Man gives to glory on her high career!

Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells

In one kind household voice, to reach the cells

Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that
filled

The hollow heaven tempestuously were stilled

One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,

As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,

Sank on the bright maid's heart. 'Joan!'—Who
spoke

Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood
grew

Under one roof? 'Joan!'—*that* murmur broke

With sounds of weeping forth! She turned—she
knew

Beside her, marked from all the thousands there

In the calm beauty of his silver hair,

The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy

From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,

The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—

'Father! and ye, my brothers!' On the breast

Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no
more,
The plumes, the banners : to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's Fountain in the glade.
Where her young sister by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,
Was in her heart ; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to Nature. She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said—
' Bless me, my father ! bless me ! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
Let me return ! '

Oh ! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joan ! Too much of fame
Hath shed its radiance on thy peasant name ;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of Home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

FELICIA HEMANS

65. *THE SPANISH ARMADA*

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;

I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Ply-
mouth Bay ;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's Isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a
mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty
hall ;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound
the drums ;



ON THE HOE AT PLYMOUTH.

(From an engraving after Seymour Lucas, by permission.)

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw your blades.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously : ye breezes, waft her wide ;

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sun-
less caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry, the royal city
woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer ;
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down
each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the
din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spur-
ring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang
from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwen's rocky
dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales.

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
less plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

66. *ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH*

HIGHER, higher, will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story :
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls !

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Onward, onward, will we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty :
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

J. MONTGOMERY.

67. *THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH*

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can ;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him sling his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.



SHOEING THE BAY MARE.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,—
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close :
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

68. *A PSALM OF LIFE*

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID
TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest ;
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead !

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

69. *THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL*

'HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !'
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him,
In that narrow cell of stone :

And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown
Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltations,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came

THE HARP OF YOUTH

All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant Guest !
Slight this Visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear :
'Do thy duty ! that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !'

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
' Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me ! '

Unto Me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring ;
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put to question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,

THE HARP OF YOUTH

As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!'

H. W. LONGFELLOW

70. *THE NORMAN BARON*

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying :
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused a while and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

‘Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger !
King like David, priest like Aaron.
Christ is born to set us free !’

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
‘Miserere, Domine!’

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, ‘Amen!’

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent’s sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

71. *THE DISCOVERER OF THE
NORTH CAPE*

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
'To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But the threads of a silvery grey
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

'So far as I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

- 'So far as I live to the northward
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.
- 'I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.
- 'I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then
With their sagas of the seas ;—
- 'Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.
- 'To the northward stretched the desert
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.
- 'To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

‘And then uprose before me
Upon the water’s edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

‘The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

‘Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night ;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.

And now the land,’ said Othere,
‘Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

‘And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal ;
Ha ! ’twas a noble game !
And like the lightning’s flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland ;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand.

Here Alfred, the Truth-teller,
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
' Behold this walrus-tooth !'

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

72. *SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT*

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death :
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night :
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
'Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land !'

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the open main,
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

73. *A VISION OF THE FUTURE*

FOR I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained
a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the
thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-
flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.

LORD TENNYSON

74. *BREAK, BREAK, BREAK*

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

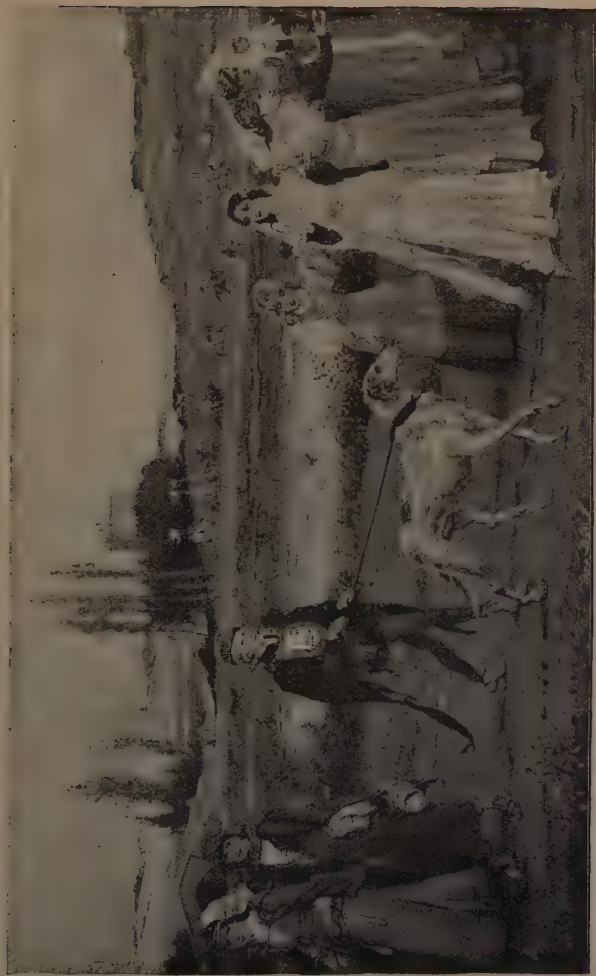
LORD TENNYSON

75. *THE LADY OF SHALOTT*

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow,
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.



THE ROAD TO CAMELOT.

(From the painting by G. Broughton, R.A., in Liverpool Art Gallery.)

THE HARP OF YOUTH

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerily
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers ' 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot :

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,

An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,

Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,

Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue

The knights come riding two and two

She hath no loyal knight and true,

The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights

To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights

A funeral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot :

Or when the moon was overhead,

Came two young lovers lately wed,

'I am half sick of shadows,' said

The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells ran merrily
As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror
'Tirra lirra,' by the river,
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot ;
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat,
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 'The Lady of Shalott.'

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeking all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol mournful, holy, .
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery.

A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 ‘The Lady of Shalott.’

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross’d themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, ‘She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott.’

LORD TENNYSON.

76. *ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE
OF WELLINGTON*

I

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire’s lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior’s pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant ; sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state oracle is mute ;
Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more

V

All is over and done ;
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold,
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd ;
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd ;
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss .
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time, in many a clime

His captain's ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song !

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea :
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,



THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLÜCHER.

(From an engraving after D. MacLise, R.A.)

And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon, and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square

Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
'Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice ! We are a people yet,
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set

His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
Their sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just ;
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever, and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory ;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled

Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he ; his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure .
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved from
shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him.
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see ;
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung ;
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here

At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere and we refrain —
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's
ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and
tears :
The black earth yawns ; the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

LORD TENNYSON.

77. *SIR GALAHAD*

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists;
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:



SIR GALAHAD.—G. F. Watts, R.A.

(Photograph by Hollyer.)

THE HARP OF YOUTH

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the Holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory glides,
And starlike mingles with the stars

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

‘O just and faithful knight of God !

Ride on ! the prize is near.’

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;

By bridge and ford, by park and pale,

All-arm’d I ride, whate’er betide,

Until I find the Holy Grail.

LORD TENNYSON

78. *RING OUT WILD BELLS*

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light :

The year is dying in the night ;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow :

The year is going, let him go ;

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

For those that here we see no more ;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,

Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife ;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,

With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,

The faithless coldness of the times ;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

From TENNYSON'S 'In Memoriam.'

79. *HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
'Good speed !' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;

'Speed !' echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right.

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokerén the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with ' Yet there is time ! '

At Aershot, up-leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray ;

And his low-head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, ' Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix '—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff :

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight !'

'How they'll greet us !' and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Y

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer ;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped, and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

80. *AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP*

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, ' My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall, '—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

' Well,' cried he, ' Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon



“WITH NECK OUT-THRUST.”

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him !' The Chief's eye flashed, his
 plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 'You're wounded !' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 'I'm killed, Sire !' And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

81. *HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA*

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west
 died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
 Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
 In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar
 grand and gray ;
 'Here and here did England help me : how can I help
 England ?' say,
 Whoso turns as I this evening turn to God to praise
 and pray
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

82. *HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD*

I

OH, to be in England,
Now that April's there !
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England—now.

II

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush. He sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

ROBERT BROWNING.

83. *THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS*

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal
sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the
court ;

The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one
for whom he sighed :
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show,
Vaïour and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like bears, a wind
went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on
one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane, was in a thun-
derous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing
through the air ;
Said Francis then, ' Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there.'

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively
dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
seemed the same ;
She thought, the Count my lover is brave as brave can
be ;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love
of me ;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine ;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great glory will
be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked
at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions
wild:

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained
his place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.

'By Heaven,' said Francis, 'rightly done!' and he rose
from where he sat:

'No love,' quoth he, 'but vanity, sets love a task like
that.'

LEIGH HUNT.

84. *THE SANDS OF DEE*

I

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the Sands of Dee.'

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

II

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

III

'Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.'

IV

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea;
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the Sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

85. *ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND*

WELCOME, wild North-easter!
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr;
 Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter!
 O'er the German foam!
 O'er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and streaming,
 Hot and breathless air.

1113

Tired of listless dreaming, \\
Through the lazy day ;
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.

Fill the lake with wildfowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.

Let the luscious South wind,
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.

What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.

What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.

Edith

THE HARP OF YOUTH

But the black North-easter,
 Through the snow-storm hurled,
 Drives our English hearts of oak
 Seaward round the world.

Come, as came our fathers,
 Heralded by thee,
 Conquering from the eastward,
 Lords by land and sea.

Come ; and strong within us
 Stir the Vikings' blood ; ✕
 Bracing brain and sinew ;
 Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

86. *A FAREWELL*


My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them all day
 long ;
 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
 One grand, sweet song !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

87. *THE FORSAKEN MERMAN*

COME, dear children, let us away—
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet, 
In a voice that she will know,—
'Margaret ! Margaret !'
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear ;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away ;
This way, this way !
'Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;
Call no more !
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !

She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away ! come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt-weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.

She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
sea ;

She said : ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said : ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves !
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;
Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.
Come !' I said ; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went by the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town ;
Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear.
'Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone ;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more !
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down—
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : ' O joy, O joy,
For the humming street and the child with its toy ,
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden—
A long, long sigh,
For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children,
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder,
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl—
Singing : ' Here came a mortal
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom,—
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills
At the white sleeping town,
At the church on the hillside,
And then come back down—
Singing : ' There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

88. *THE LOSS OF THE 'BIRKENHEAD'*

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them
passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,
That, low down in its blue, translucent glass,
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried for their prey !
The sea turned one clear smile ! like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath and prayer and rush and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Formed us in line to die.



THE WRECK OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

(From an engraving after Hemy.)

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers!—
'All to the boats!' cried one: he was, thank God,
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir,
That base appeal we heard but heeded not:
On land, on sea, we had our colours, Sir,
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England that we fought
With shameful strength unhonoured life to seek
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall?—the brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath the purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild
grave
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR F. H. DOYLE

89. *THE PIPES OF LUCKNOW*

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor Border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear.
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,
Pray to-day !' the soldiers said ;
'To-morrow death 's between us,
And the wrong and shame we
dread !'

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Till up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
The pipes of Havelock sound !'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum roll,
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear is true,
As the mother's cradling-crooning,
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call.
' Hark ! hear ye no' Macgregor's,
The grandest o' them all ?'

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the pipers' blast.



JESSIE'S DREAM.—F. Goodall, R.A.

(By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.)

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving,
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
'God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild Macgregor's clan call
Stinging all the air to life;
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain;
And the tartan clove the turban
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

90. *BARBARA FRIETCHIE*

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Up the street came the level tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

‘Halt!’—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
‘Fire!’—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

‘Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag,’ she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word :

‘Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog ! March on !’ he said

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host,

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ; and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

91. *CONDUCTOR BRADLEY*

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may his name
Be said with reverence !), as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank with the brake he grasped, just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Men stooped above him ; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo ! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thoughts save duty's, moved again :
'Put out the signals for the other train !'

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me ! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss !

O, grand supreme endeavour ! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain !
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave.
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died !

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER

92. *THE FATHERLAND*

WHERE is the true man's fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
O, yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
O, yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

93. *THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL*

‘My strength is failing fast,’
Said the sea-king to his men ;—
‘I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed ;
Put the crown upon my head ;
Put my good sword in my hand ;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily !
If I cannot end my life
In the crimson’d battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea.’

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head ;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o’er him spread ;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free,



THE SEA KING.

(From a drawing by H. W. Koekkoek.)

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread ;
They have placed him on the deck,
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne :
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed
To the favouring winds, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore ;
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, ' King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea.'

Underneath him in the hold
They have placed the lighted
brand ;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail
As it swelled before the gale,

And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
 Scudding free ;
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle, and to conquer
 On the sea.

And the king with sudden strength
Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robe around his neck :—
Once alone, he raised his hand
To the people on the land ;
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear ;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
 Fresh and free ;
And ere yet an hour had passed
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path,
 On the sea.

'So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail :
I have fought with many a foe,
I have weathered many a gale
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath---

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free ;—
To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

'So blow, ye stormy winds—
 And, ye flames, ascend on high ;—
 In the easy, idle bed
 Let the slave and coward die !
 But give me the driving keel,
 Clang of shields and flashing steel ;
 Or my foot on foreign ground,
 With my enemies around !
 Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
 On the deck or in the field,
 My last breath, shouting, " On
 To victory."
 But since this has been denied,
 They shall say that I have died
 Without flinching, like a monarch.
 Of the sea.'

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip ;—
And he looked, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship,

Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky ;
Scarce heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash ;
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.

But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
'I am coming !' said the king,
'Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows ;—
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto thee !
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore--
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.'

CHARLES MACKAY.

94. *O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!*

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won ;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring.

But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills ;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shore's a-crowding ;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning ;

Here, Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still ;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse, no
will.

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won.

Exult, O shores ! and ring, O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck—my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

95. *JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG*

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns :
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town,
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.

That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine.
And felt the breath with incense sweet :
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood !
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight.
Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face ;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air ;

The very trees were stripped and bare ;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed ?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best ;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that the country-folk called ‘swaller.’
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the ‘quiltings’ long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore.
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;

And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :
Called him 'Daddy,'—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand ;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept with awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men
saw,

In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre.
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest.
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns ;
This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You 'll show a hat that's white, or a feather !

BRET HARTE

96. *HOPE*

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

97. *A SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS*

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland.
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:—
Here's dear old Ireland! good old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,
And all, 'tis said, in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way.
Here's good old Ireland! loved old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The patron and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make,
And the heads they break down there:



THE LAST MATCH

C. Smart, R.A.

(Tate Gallery.)

THE HARP OF YOUTH

With a loud 'hurroo' and a 'pillalu,'
And a thundering 'clear the way!'
Here's gay old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

And well we know in the cool grey eves,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more:
With 'Mary machree!' and 'My Pat! 'tis he!'
And 'My own heart night and day!'
Ah, fond old Ireland! dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.
O, dear old Ireland! blest old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup let's say—
Here's loved old Ireland! good old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

T. D. SULLIVAN.

98. *ENGLAND*

WHAT have I done for you,
 England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
When shall he rejoice again
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown.

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England :—
'Take and break us : we are yours,
 England, my own !

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Life is good and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death ; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown.
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown !'

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword.
There's the menace of the word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

W. E. HENLEY

99. *LLYWELYN AP GRIFFITH*

AFTER dead centuries,
Neglect, derision, scorn,
And secular miseries,
At last our Cymric race again is born ;
Opens again its heavy, sleep-worn eyes.
And fronts a brighter Morn.

Shall then our souls forget,
Dazzled by visions of our Wales to Be,
The Wales that Was, the Wales undying yet,
The old heroic Cymric chivalry ?
Nay ! one we are indeed
With that dim Britain of our distant sires ;
Still the same love the patriot's bosom fires,
With the same wounds our loyal spirits bleed ;
The heroes of the Past are living still
By each sequestered vale, and cloud-compelling hill.

Dear heart that was so strong
To guide the storm of battle year by year,
Last of our Cymric Princes ! dauntless King !
Whose brave soul knew not fear !
Thou from Eryri's summits, swooping down
Like some swift eagle, o'er the affrighted town
And frowning Norman castles hovering,
Onward didst bear the flag of Victory ;
And oft the proud invader dravest back
In ruin from thy country's bounds, and far
Didst roll from her the reflux wave of war,

Till 'neath the swelling flood
The low fat Lloegrian plains were sunk in blood.

Long through rude years of Force and trampled
Laws,

Thy strenuous arm sustained thy country's cause,
Champion of Wales; thou through the storm of
fight

The ruddy Dragon barest flaming bright;
Defeat or Victory,

Alike were naught to thee,

Undaunted warrior for thy country's weal,
Scorning the hurtling shaft, the piercing steel;

With thy raw levies fronting without fear

The Marchers' serried ranks, the Norman's spear,
Comrade of that strong Earl whose prescient mind

The coming tyrants' power could bind,

And by free air of high debate,

Healing the ills of State,

Laid firm for centuries to be

The fair broad stone of Britain's liberty.

I see thy love-tale blossom like a rose,

Amid the desert of thy troublous life,

Girt round by watchful foes,

And arid wastes of endless pain and strife

The fair maid, sweet and mild,

The great Earl's best-loved child,

Whom, crossing the tempestuous sea,

Rude pirate hands long rapt from thee,

At last in some brief truce from war's alarms

Given to thy faithful arms;

I see thy nuptial pomps by Worcester's reverend
shrine,
With England's and with Scotland's King
And close-thronged nobles witnessing ;
And when two little years of wedded peace
Thy struggles' brief surcease,
Till thy loved Queen, rapt from the cheerful day,
Traversed too soon the unattended way,
Leaving her child and thee, and to thy loveless home
No voice of comfort more, nor peace again might
come.

I see thee when thy lonely widowed heart
Grew weary of its pain,
In one last desperate onset vain,
Hurl thyself on thy country's deadly foes ;
From North to South the swift rebellion sped,
The castles fell, the land arose ;
Wales reared once more her weary war-worn head
Through triumph and defeat, a chequered sum,
Till the sure end should come,
The traitorous ambush, and the murderous spear ;
Still 'mid the cloistered glories of Cwmhir
I hear the chants sung for the Kingly dead,
While Cambria mourned thy dear dishonoured head

Strong son of Wales ! thy fate,
Not without tears, our Cymric memories keep ;
Our faithful, unforgetting natures weep
The ancestral fallen Great.
Not with the stalwart arm,
After her age-long peace,

We serve her now, nor keen uplifted sword,
But with the written or the spoken Word
Would fain her power increase :
The Light we strive to spread
Is Knowledge, and its power
Comes not from captured town or leaguered tower ;
A closer brotherhood
Unites the Cymric and the Anglian blood,
Yet separate, side by side they dwell, not one
Distinct till Time be done.

But we who in that peaceful victory
Our faith, our hope repose,
With grateful hearts, Llywelyn, think of thee
Who fought'st our country's foes.
Whose generous hand was open to reward
The dauntless patriot Bard,
Who lovedst the arts of Peace, yet knew'st through
life
Only incessant strife.
Who ne'er, like old Iorwerth's happier son,
Didst rest from battles won,
But strovest for us still, and not in vain ;
Since from that ancient pain,
After long ages, Cambria of thy love
Feels through her veins new patriot currents move,
And from thy ashes, like the Phoenix, springs
Skyward on soaring wings,
And fronts, grown stronger for the Days that Were,
Whatever Fortune 'neath God's infinite air
Fate and the Years prepare !

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

100. ' *WELL DONE, "CALLIOPE"!* '

COME, listen to my story,
And tell it far and free,
How Englishmen won glory
That shall never cease to be,
When the gallant ship *Calliope*
Stood stoutly out to sea!

Fair, fair are the Samoan isles
Beneath an azure sky,
Where careless for a thousand miles
The land-birds seaward fly,
And emerald shore and sapphire deep
In sun and slumber lie.

But fierce Samoan islands seem
When winds begin to blow,
When, pale as ash, the waters gleam,
And, where the palm-trees grow,
About the coral rocks are flung
Storm-woven wreaths of snow.

Black Friday! down the 'glass' did run,
The birds came hurrying back,
O'er angry seas, an angry sun
Went red behind the wrack,
And pale for swoon the full March moon
Fled frightened thro' the pack.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

The wind blew west, the wind blew east,
We dropped our heaviest chain,
The sea was churned and flew like yeast
Before the thrashing rain,
And through the night of roar and spite
We fought the hurricane.

Steam up, with head to wind we lay,
And bitter broke the morn,
Three ships cast hopelessly away,
Three doomed to fate forlorn—
Like steeds that strain against the rein—
Still battled, tempest-torn.

Hemmed round by reefs whose ragged teeth
Beset the harbour ways,
While wind-sucked surges from beneath
Were flung in blinding haze,
What hand could steer, what eye see clear
To thread the cruel maze?

Our cables snapped, our ropes were bent,
Our starboard 'bower' was sound,
Chained, by in agony we went,
Like a mad bull, round and round,
Ahead, astern, at every turn we feared
To touch the ground.

With fierce, ungovernable prow,
The *Olga* smote, and passed,
And soon her hulk across our bow
The wild *Vandalia* cast,
With bowsprit jammed, and quarter rammed,
Still, still, we fought the blast.

Now close beneath our counter ran
The reef-mad furious wave,
The crew looked silent, man to man,
Then cried our captain brave—
'Slip cables all! whate'er befall,
Let ocean be our grave!'

For better far it is to dare
The fiercest winds that be
Than beach and break a craft so fair
As our *Calliope*!
'Full steam ahead!' the captain said,
And so we stood to sea.

Full steam ahead! no fiercer breath
Did ever piston fill.
The engines seemed to race with Death,
The stokers worked with will,
Our seven fires burned, our great screw turned,
But we were standing still.

Nor long our iron-hearted ship
Irresolute would stay,
'Twixt rolling hull and reef we slip,
We steer toward the bay,
And make the strait and stormy gate
Where *Trenton* bars the way.

Now God have mercy! save us all
From iron heel and boom!
We rose up o'er the water wall,
We scarce had passage-room;
Starboard or port, a yard too short,
It would have sealed our doom.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Then to the *Trenton's* rigging sprang
The sailors with a cry ;
Above the storm their voices rang—
• Bravo ! good-bye !—good-bye !
When men—so near to dying—cheer,
It is not hard to die.

Scathed by the dragon's teeth, we passed
From out the jaws of hell,
We faced all day the howling blast,
Rose mountains high and fell,
And still far forth toward the north
We steered, and all was well.

Within our plunging coffin pent,
We heard the tempest roar,
We knew the fate from which we went,
Nor recked the death before,
Some loved their lives, some loved their wives,
But all loved Duty more.

Now climbing up the whelming wave,
Nor left nor right we veered,
Now poised, now falling to our grave,
Again the prow upreared,
No hand, no heart, but played its part,
And not a soul that feared.

O'erswept by seas from stem to stern,
Our ship was true as steel,
Still bravely did the furnace burn,
And steady went the wheel,
And taut and tight we trod the might
Of the storm beneath our keel.

And when the second dawn had come,
And sullen sank the sea,
'Bout ship ' we went and stood for home—
The home where we would be ;
And heard the cheer ring loud and clear,
' Well done, *Calliope* !'

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

101. *THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN*

TAKE up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive's need ;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride ;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease ;

THE HARP OF YOUTH

And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought),
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought !

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living,
And mark them with your dead !

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly !) toward the light :—
'Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night ?'

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

102. *IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?*

I

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here :
So long as May of April takes
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell ;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps :
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat ,
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

II

Life's not worth living ! Come with me,
Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
And milk foams in the pail ;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
With sweat the striplings lithe,

THE HARP OF YOUTH

As fall the long straight scented swathes
Over the crescent scythe :
Now that the throstle never stops
His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
And eglantine the lane ;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unwearied feet,
Carolling like the birds ;
Now all, except the lover's vow,
And nightingale, is still ;
Here, in the twilight hour, allow,
Life is worth living still.

III

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green :
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owl hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed ;
When crammed are all the granary floors
And the Hunter's moon is bright,
And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight ;
Ay, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink ;



“SPRING REVIVES THE YEAR.”—R. Westall.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

When children clasp their hands and pray
‘Be done Thy heavenly will!’
Who doth not lift his voice and say
‘Life is worth living still’?

IV

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight:
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget:
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

V

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!

Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-Land ;
So long as in this ocean Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm
By loyalty divine :
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

103. *ADMIRALS ALL*

A SONG OF SEA KINGS

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free !
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name !

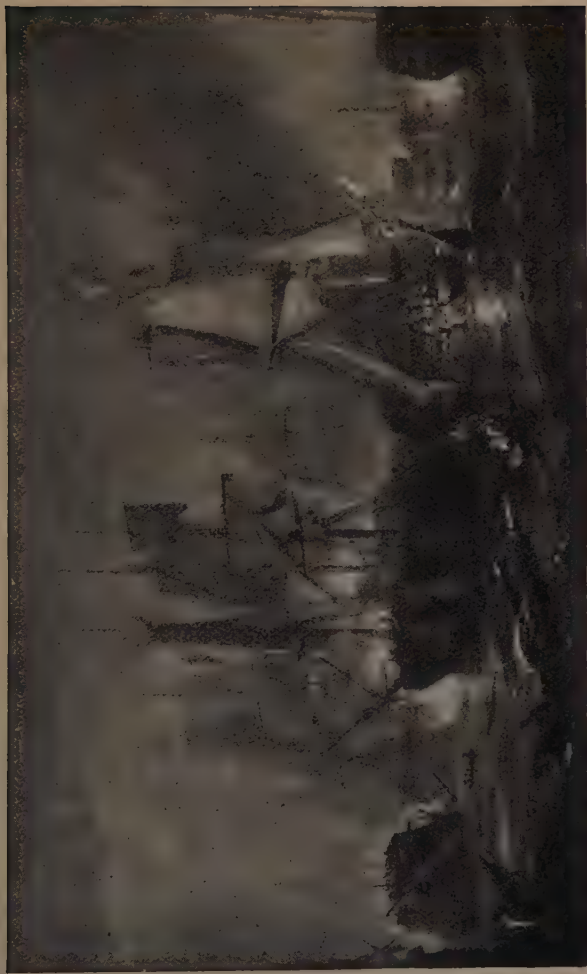
THE HARP OF YOUTH

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay,
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came,
But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good
souls,'
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two,
But he anchored them fast where the Texel
shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
'And I'll sink with a right good will;
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still.'



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—W. C. Stanfield, R.A.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Splinters were flying above, below,
 When Nelson sailed the Sound :
 ' Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'
 Said he, ' for a thousand pound !'
 The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
 But he wickedly wagged his head.
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
 And ' I'm hanged if I see it,' he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still) ;
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill.
 But they left us a kingdom none can take,
 The realm of the circling sea—
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

HENRY NEWBOLT.

104. *VITAI LAMPADA*

THERE's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win—
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
 'Play up! play up! and play the game.'

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

HENRY NEWBOLT.

105. *A SONG*

SUNG ON THE 'GOLDEN HYNDE' BY
DRAKE'S MUSICIANS

THE same sun is o'er us,
The same Love shall find us,
The same and none other,
 Wherever we be;

THE HARP OF YOUTH

With the same goal before us,
The same home behind us,
England, our mother,
Ringed round with the sea.

When the breakers charged thundering
In thousands all round us,
With a lightning of lances
Uphurtled on high,
When the stout ships were sundering
A rapture hath crowned us,
Like the wild light that dances
On the crests that flash by.

When the waters lay breathless,
Gazing at Hesper
Guarding the golden
Fruit of the tree,
Heard we the deathless
Wonderful whisper
Wafting the olden
Dream of the sea.

No land in the ring of it
Now, all around us
Only the splendid
Resurging unknown !
How shall we sing of it ?
This that hath found us
By the great sun attended
In splendour, alone.

Ah, the broad miles of it,
White with the onset
Of waves without number
Warring for glee.
Ah, the soft smiles of it
Down to the sunset,
Holy for slumber,
The peace of the sea.

The wave's heart, exalted,
Leaps forward to meet us,
The sun on the sea-wave
Lies white as the moon:
The soft sapphire-vaulted
Deep heaven smiles to greet us,
Free sons of the free-wave,
All singing one tune.

The same sun is o'er us, etc.

ALFRED NOYES.

106. *THE THINGS THAT ARE MORE
EXCELLENT*

To dress, to call, to dine, to break
No canon of the social code,
The little laws that lacqueys make,
The futile decalogue of Mode—

THE HARP OF YOUTH

How many a soul for these things lives,
With pious passion, grave intent !
While Nature careless-handed gives
The things that are more excellent.

To hug the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain—
O blind and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain !
And still doth life with starry towers
Lure to the bright divine ascent !
Be yours the things ye would : be ours
The things that are more excellent.

The grace of friendship—mind and heart
Linked with their fellow heart and mind :
The gains of science, gifts of art,
The sense of oneness with our kind :
The thirst to know and understand,
A large and liberal discontent :
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.

In faultless rhythm the ocean rolls,
A rapturous silence thrills the skies ;
And on this earth are lovely souls,
That softly look with aidful eyes.
Though dark, O God, thy course and track,
I think Thou must at least have meant
That nought that lives should wholly lack
The things that are more excellent.

W. WATSON.

107. *ENGLAND, MY MOTHER*

I

ENGLAND, my mother,
Wardress of waters,
Builder of peoples,
 Maker of men—
Hast thou yet leisure
Left for the Muses?
Heed'st thou the songsmith
 Forging the rhyme?

Deafened with tumults
How canst thou hearken?
Strident is faction,
 Demos is loud.
Lazarus hungry
Menaces Dives;
Labour the giant
 Chafes in his hold

Yet do the songsmiths
Quit not their forges;
Still on life's anvil
 Forge they the rhyme
Still the rapt faces
Glow from the furnace;
Breath of the smithy
 Scorches their brows.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Yea, and thou hear'st them ?
 So shall the hammers
 Fashion not vainly
 Verses of gold.

II

Lo, with the ancient
 Roots of man's nature
 Twines the eternal
 Passion of song.

Ever Love fans it,
 Ever Life feeds it,
 Time cannot age it,
 Death cannot slay.

Deep in the world-heart
 Stand its foundations,
 Tangled with all things,
 Twin-made with all.

Nay, what is Nature's
 Self but an endless
 Strife toward music,
 Euphony, rhyme.

Trees in their blooming,
 Tides in their flowing,
 Stars in their circling,
 Tremble with song.

God on His throne is
 Eldest of poets,
 Unto His measures
 Moveth the whole

III

Therefore deride not
Speech of the Muses,
England, my mother,
 Maker of men.

Nations are mortal,
Fragile is greatness ;
Fortune may fly thee,
 Song shall not fly.

Song, the all-girdling,
Song cannot perish ;
Men shall make music,
 Man shall give ear.

Not while the choric
Chant of creation
Floweth from all things,
 Poured without pause,

Cease we to echo
Faintly the descant,
Whereto for ever
 Dances the world.

IV

So let the songsmith
Proffer his rhyme-gift,
England, my mother,
 Maker of men.

THE HARP OF YOUTH

Grey grows thy count'nance,
Full of the ages.
Time on thy forehead
Sits like a dream.

Song is the potion
All things renewing ;
Youth's one elixir,
Fountain of morn.

Thou at the world-loom
Weaving thy future,
Fitly may'st temper
Toil with delight.

Deemest thou, labour
Only is earnest ?
Grave is all beauty,
Solemn is joy.

Song is no bauble,
Slight not the songsmith,
England, my mother,
Maker of men.

W. WATSON

COMMENTARY

Page 34. *Fox i' th' hole.*—A hopping game in which boys beat one another with gloves.

Page 35. *Cockrood.*—A run for snaring woodcocks.

Glank.—An opening in the wood across which nets were hung to catch game.

Page 41. *Avenge, O Lord!*—This sonnet was evoked by the sufferings in 1655 of the Waldenses or Vaudois. This sect appears to have originated in the south of France about the close of the twelfth century, and to have followed a Lyons merchant, Peter Waldo, whose teaching anticipated the Protestant principles of the Reformation. Its members were persecuted and forced to take refuge in certain valleys of Piedmont. In 1655 the Duke of Savoy ordered them to join the Church of Rome or quit his territory. They refused, and a general massacre took place. Some escaped, however, into the mountains, and appealed to England for help. Cromwell ordered a national fast and a subscription (which amounted to £40,000) for the benefit of the survivors. He also remonstrated with the Duke, and urged the Protestant Powers of Europe to do the same. His efforts were successful, the survivors being permitted to return to their homes and retain their forms of worship. Milton composed all Cromwell's dispatches in connection with the affair.

Babylonian woe.—See Revelation, chapter xviii.

Page 42. *Detractions rude.*—Referring mainly to the hostility of the Presbyterians.

Page 42. *Darwen.*—A stream which runs into the Ribble near Preston. Here Cromwell in 1648 defeated the Scots under Hamilton.

Dunbar.—Here the Scots under David Leslie were routed in 1650.

Worcester.—Where Cromwell gained in 1651 the most signal of his victories over the Royalists.

Page 44. *This empyreal substance.*—The fiery substance of their forms cannot be destroyed. Cf. 'Who maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flaming fire,' Ps. civ. 4.

Page 46. *Titanian.*—The Titans contended with Saturn for the sovereignty of heaven.

Earth-born.—The giants who tried to storm heaven.

Briareos.—The hundred-armed giant.

Typhon or *Typhōēus.*—The hundred-handed giant struck with lightning by Jupiter.

Den by ancient Tarsus.—Typhon is represented by the Greek poets as living in a Cilician den.

Page 47. *Jubal.*—'He was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ,' Genesis iv. 21.

Page 48. *Cecilia.*—She was a Roman lady who, according to the legend, underwent martyrdom in the third century. She is the patroness of musicians, and the 'inventress' of the organ. An angel nightly brought her roses from Paradise.

Page 55. *The Bard.*—This ode is founded upon a tradition that Edward I. after conquering Wales ordered all the bards to be put to death.

Page 56. *Glo'ster* and *Mortimer* were Lords Marchers with Edward.

Hywel.—The son of Owen Gwynedd, as famous in poetry as in war.

Page 56. *Soft Llywelyn.*—He is called ‘soft,’ *i.e.* gentle, because he was a bounteous patron of the bards.

Cadwallon, Urien, and Modred.—Not historical personages, but just such names as contemporaries of the Bard might have borne.

Page 57. *Arvon.*—Carnarvonshire.

Agonising king.—Edward II., cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.

She-wolf of France.—Isabel of France, Edward II.’s queen.

Who o’er thy country hangs the scourge of Heav’n.—The reference is to Edward III.’s triumphs in France.

Page 58. *No pitying heart.*—Edward III. on his death-bed was abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers.

Sable warrior.—The Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

The swarm.—Of courtiers, etc.

Fair laughs the morn.—The reference is to the magnificence of the early part of Richard II.’s reign.

Fell Thirst and Famine.—Richard II. was starved to death.

Din of battle.—The Wars of the Roses.

Towers of Julius.—Henry VI., George, Duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard, Duke of York, etc., were believed to have been murdered in the Tower of London. The oldest part of the structure was absurdly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

Consort.—Margaret of Anjou.

Meek usurper.—Henry VI. As a Lancastrian he had no right of inheritance to the crown. He came near being canonised for his piety.

Page 59. *Above, below.*—On the loom.

Rose of snow, etc.—The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

Bristled boar.—Richard III.

Infant gore.—The murder of the two young princes, Edward v. and Richard, Duke of York.

Half of thy heart.—Edward's devoted queen, Eleanor of Castile.

Stay, oh stay.—The ghosts have now vanished.

Genuine kings.—The Tudors, who were of Welsh descent, were considered by the Welsh to have fulfilled the prophecies that the Welsh would regain their sovereignty over Britain.

A form divine.—Elizabeth.

Page 60. *Strings symphonious.*—The reference is to the great outburst of poetry.

Taliesin.—The most famous of the primitive Welsh poets.

Fierce War and faithful Love.—Spenser's *Faëry Queene*.

Buskin'd measures.—Shakespeare.

A voice, as of the cherub-choir.—Milton.

Distant warblings.—The poets after Milton's time.

Page 61. *Boadicea.*—She rose against Suetonius, A.D. 61.

Page 72. *Hoddin grey.*—A kind of coarse woollen cloth.

Birkie.—A clever, conceited fellow.

Page 73. *Coof.*—A blockhead, a ninny.

Mauna fa' that.—Cannot make that happen.

Bear the gree.—To be decidedly victor.

Page 82. *Two Voices are there.*—This sonnet was probably composed early in 1807, when Switzerland was to all intents and purposes a province of France under the great Napoleon.

Page 94. *Bishop Hatto.*—This took place, according to legend, in 970 A.D. The ‘Mouse Tower’ is still pointed out.

Page 97. *The Battle of the Baltic.*—1801.

The Prince of all the land.—The Crown Prince of Denmark.

Page 100. *Gallant good Riou.*—He commanded the *Amazon* frigate, and was cut in two by a cannon-shot. Nelson wrote: ‘In poor dear Riou the country has sustained an irreparable loss.’

Page 102. *Russell’s glory.*—Lord William Russell, beheaded in 1683 on the charge of being implicated in the Rye House Plot.

Sydney.—Algernon Sydney, like Lord William Russell, was tried in 1683 on the charge of being implicated in the Rye House Plot, and executed.

Page 113. *A sound of revelry by night.*—The reference is to the Duchess of Richmond’s ball, which, as a matter of fact, was given before Quatre Bras.

Page 117. *Sennacherib.*—‘And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.’—2 Kings xix. 35.

Page 118. *Burial of Sir John Moore.*—After conducting a masterly retreat to Corunna, followed closely by Soult, Napoleon’s great marshal, Moore had to fight to cover the embarkation of his troops, and was fatally wounded early in the battle, January 16, 1809.

Page 128. *Stout Cortez.*—Strict history would substitute Balboa (1475-1517) as the conqueror of Mexico. When in Darien he

incurred the displeasure of the King of Spain; and resolved to attempt some great enterprise, the success of which would appease his sovereign. He had heard from the natives of the great ocean which lay on the other side of the mountains, and in 1513 he took a small force across the isthmus. On September 26 they reached the summit of the range, and saw the glorious expanse of the Pacific. Descending to the sea-shore, Balboa formally took possession of the ocean in the name of the Spanish monarch.

Page 132. *The Pilgrim Fathers.*—They effected a permanent landing on the continent of America on December 21, 1620, where the town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, now stands.

Page 133. *Joan of Arc at Rheims.*—The coronation of the Dauphin took place on July 17, 1429.

Page 138. *Aurigny's Isle.*—Alderney.

Edgecumbe's lofty hall.—Overlooking Plymouth Sound.

Page 140. *Picard field.*—Cressy.

Bohemia's plume.—The three feathers, the crest of the blind king of Bavaria.

Genoa's bow.—The Genoese cross-bowmen on the French side.

Cæsar's eagle shield.—The shield, with the device of an eagle, of the king of the Romans, son of the king of Bohemia.

Page 141. *Longleat's towers.*—Near Frome in Somersetshire.

Cranbourne.—In Dorsetshire.

Beaulieu.—A village in Hampshire near the New Forest.

Page 142. *Darwen.*—Probably 'Derwent' should be read: the river Derwent rises not far from the Peak.

Page 143. *Belvoir.*—In Leicestershire, seat of the Duke of Portland.

Page 143. *Gaunt's embattled pile.*—Lancaster Castle, built by John of Gaunt:

Page 155. *Helgoland.*—Helgoland or Halgoland was the 'Farthest North' of the Norse settlements towards Lapland. Othere the Norseman entered the service of Alfred after the Treaty of Wedmore. The date of the discovery of the North Cape is about 890 A.D.

Page 158. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*—His ship, the *Squirrel*, foundered on September 9, 1583, as he was returning to England, after planting the first English colony in North America, the colony of Newfoundland.

Page 174. *Myriads of Assaye.*—In 1803 Wellesley, as he then was, with 4500 men routed 40,000 Mahrattas at Assaye, and inflicted a blow on the Mahratta power from which it never recovered.

The treble works.—The famous lines of Torres Vedras: the first was 29 miles long, and consisted of numerous redoubts mounted with cannon; the second, which was the most formidable of the three, stretched a distance of 24 miles; while the third, intended to cover a forced embarkation, should that be necessary, was very short.

England pouring on her foes.—Wellington, having driven the French out of the Peninsula, invaded the south of France with 90,000 men in 1813.

Page 188. *Ratisbon.*—A town on the Danube in Bavaria. Napoleon in 1809 by a series of masterly manœuvres drove the Austrians out of it after a five days' struggle, opening the way to Vienna.

Page 190. *Cape Saint Vincent.*—Where Rodney won his great victory over the French in 1780.

Page 202. *The Loss of the 'Birkenhead.'*—The ship was wrecked

in Simon's Bay in 1852. The ship had 630 on board, including 466 soldiers, details of several regiments, with their officers, who had been ordered to the war with the Kaffirs. When the ship struck, they were lined up on deck by their officers, and behaved as if they were on parade. The commander of the ship, when the vessel was just about going down, called out, 'All those who can swim jump overboard and make for the boats.' The officers forbade the men to do so, as the boat which was carrying off the women and children would be swamped, and only three disobeyed. 194 in all were saved, including 126 soldiers and 5 officers.

Page 205. *Lucknow.*—Havelock temporarily saved it on September 25, 1857, but it was not until March 1858 that it was wrested from the possession of the rebels by Sir Colin Campbell.

Page 206. *The Goomtee.*—The river on the banks of which Lucknow is built.

Page 209. *Lee.*—Robert Lee, the leader of the Confederate forces of the South in the great American Civil War. He invaded Maryland in August 1862, and advanced to Frederick City.

Page 210. *Stonewall Jackson.*—Thomas Jonathan Jackson (1824-1863) was one of the most famous and successful generals on the Southern side in the American Civil War. The brigade which he commanded turned the tide of battle in the long doubtful struggle of Bull Run by its immovable fortitude, and earned for itself and its chief the affectionate nickname of 'Stonewall.'

Page 220. *O Captain! my Captain!*—Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States of America. After steering the ship of state through the storm of the Civil War, he was shot by Wilkes Booth, an actor and a fanatical partisan of the Southern cause, in Ford's Theatre at Washington, on April 14, 1865.

Page 221. *Gettysburg.*—A town in Pennsylvania. One of the greatest battles of the American Civil War took place here in

July 1863, between the Northern forces, numbering about 78,000. under General Meade, and the Southern forces, numbering about the same, under General Lee. It raged for three days and ended in a disastrous defeat for the Southerners.

Page 221. *Flower of Southern chivalry.*—Friends and foes alike acknowledged the disinterestedness and purity of his motives and his self-denying sense of duty.

Page 231. *Llywelyn ap* (son of) *Griffith.*—The last native-born Prince of Wales, who ruled from 1255 to 1282.

Eryri.—‘Eagledom,’ *i.e.* Snowdonia.

Page 232. *Lloegrian.*—English. Llywelyn mercilessly ravaged Cheshire and the border country generally.

Strong Earl.—Just as his grandfather, Llywelyn the Great, had aided the barons in the struggle for Magna Carta, Llywelyn, the son of Griffith, joined hands with Simon de Montfort in his struggle against Henry III. Simon’s forces at the battle of Evesham, where he was killed, were largely Welsh.

Thy love-tale.—Llywelyn hoped to revive the Montfort party, and it was arranged that he should marry Eleanor, the dead earl’s daughter. She sailed from France in 1275, but was captured off the Scilly Islands by a Bristol ship, ordered by Edward to intercept her. She was sent to Windsor and detained in honourable confinement at the court of her aunt, the queen. Llywelyn offered large sums of money for her release, but they were refused. He was allowed by Edward to marry her after he signed the humiliating Treaty of Rhuddlan in 1277, and the ceremony took place at the door of Worcester Cathedral on October 13, 1278. Edward seems to have taken advantage of Llywelyn’s love for his long-promised bride, to wring further concessions from him on the way to the church. The union was soon brought to an end. Eleanor died in January 1282.

Page 233. *Her child.*—Gwenllian. After her father's downfall, she fell as an infant into Edward's power, and became a nun at Sempringham, where she died in 1337.

One last desperate onset.—The brutal oppression of the English officials set over Wales caused the Welsh to rise in despair, and Llywelyn put himself at the head of the insurgent forces.

The traitorous ambush.—In November 1282 Llywelyn for some reason or other left the fastnesses of Snowdon, and penetrated into South Wales. He was slain on December 11 by one Adam de Francon, as he hurried up to join in a skirmish which was going on between his men and the followers of the Mortimers. The Welsh accounts speak of a treacherous appointment to which he came alone and unarmed, whereupon he was fallen upon and slain; but the whole affair is wrapped in mystery.

Cwmhir.—Llywelyn's mutilated corpse was buried in consecrated ground at the Abbey of Cwmhir in Radnorshire.

Page 234. *To reward the dauntless patriot Bard.*—Among the qualities for which Llywelyn is specially commended by the bards are his generosity and open-handedness, especially to the poets.

Old Iorwerth's happier son.—Llywelyn the Great.

Page 235. *'Well done, "Calliope"!'—*On March 16, 1889, a hurricane prevailed in the South Pacific, and the heavy tidal waves, sweeping into the harbour of Apia, cast the American warship *Nipsic* on the beach, sank two other American warships, *Trenton* and *Vandalia*, and wrecked the German warships *Olga* and *Eber*. The British warship *Calliope*, which was in the harbour, succeeded in getting up steam, and, standing out to sea, escaped destruction.

Page 245. *Effingham.*—Charles Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham, Elizabeth's lord high admiral against Spain.

Grenville.—The hero of the *Revenge*.

Page 245. *Benbow.*—He was born in 1653 and died in 1702, having spent most of his life at sea. His reputation is that of a first-class fighting man rather than of a great commander.

Collingwood.—By Nelson's death in the hour of victory at Trafalgar, Collingwood succeeded to the chief command, and from the close connection between the careers of Nelson and Collingwood, it has become customary, without much justification, to speak of Collingwood as Nelson's compeer.

Byron.—John Byron (1723-1786), vice-admiral, sailed round the world in a shorter time than any navigator before him, and fought the French in the West Indies.

Page 246. *Essex.*—The incident took place in 1596.

Duncan he had but two.—This was in 1797. The great mutiny at the Nore paralysed the fleet, and Duncan (afterwards the hero of the great victory of Camperdown) was unable to keep more than two ships at the work of blockading the Dutch fleet.

Page 248. *Rodneys.*—Admiral Rodney is chiefly famous for the victory over the French off Cape St. Vincent in 1780.

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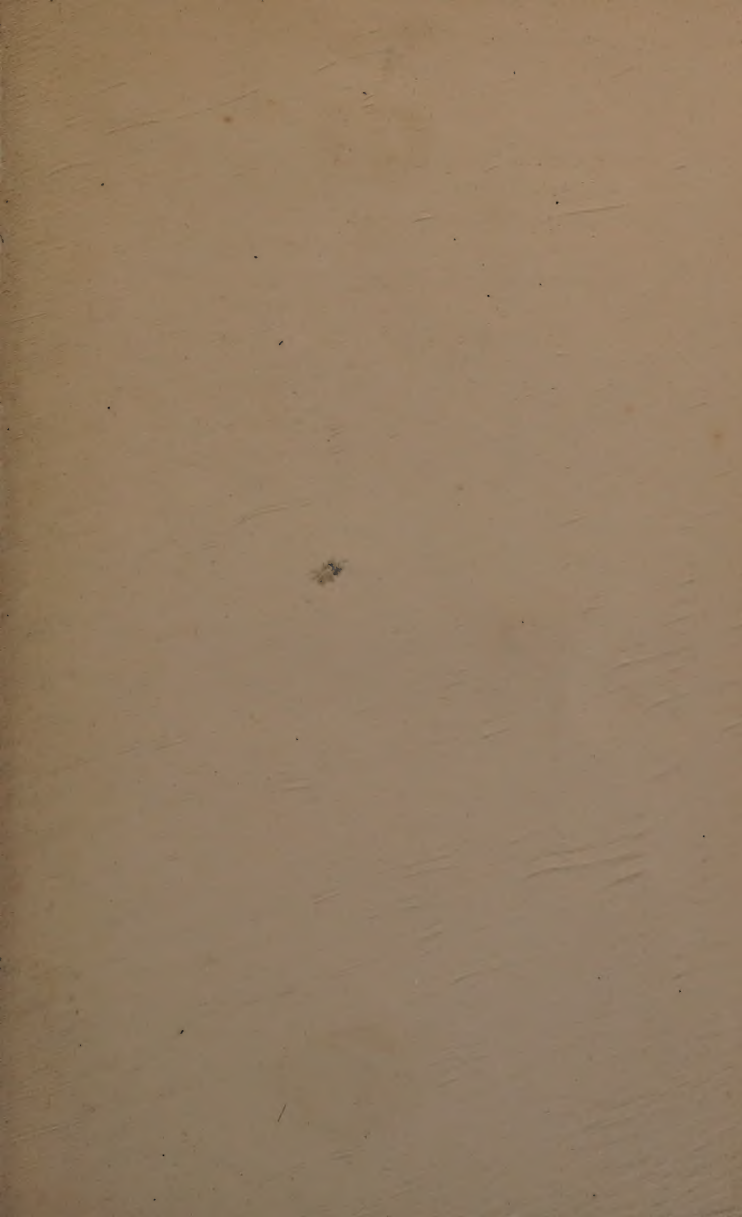
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waterloo



